

## THE ANACONDA STANDARD

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## THE STANDARD.

It is the only daily newspaper with telegraph dispatches in Deer Lodge county. It prints more telegraphic news than any other newspaper in Montana.

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## THE STANDARD.

Corner of Main and Third streets, Anaconda, Montana.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 31, 1892.

If the farmers' alliance members of congress were as sound in all things as in their opposition to Pinkertonism they would be statesmen of high quality.

Curious and suggestive reading are many of the criticisms that are passed upon Senator Teller in the East on account of his advocacy of the admission of Utah into the union. "Senator Teller," says one wise contemporary, "is a pronounced silver man, and he knows that the two new senators from Utah will vote for free silver, whatever their politics may be. He and the other republican silver senators are willing to admit all democrats to the senate who favor silver, and even to endanger republican supremacy to accomplish the end. They are good party men on all questions except free silver, but on that issue they cannot be depended on, and are willing to give their party some very severe blows to accomplish their pet scheme. How wide the breach in the party is on this question is well shown in the earnest efforts of Teller and other republicans to get a democratic state into the union because they believe it will give free silver two more votes."

## SOME POSSIBILITIES OF MONTANA.

Under the operation of modern laws governing the condition of mercantile intercourse, no real or substantial development can be attained by any region of the world while it remains cut off from the great arteries of commerce, and thereby from the mighty seats and centers of finance and exchange. Thus the great future empires of interior Africa, and the splendid regions which give birth to the Ganges and the Euphrates, the very cradle of the race, as well as the vast reaches of the fertile pampas overshadowed by the Andes, are to-day either almost as unknown as when the Arabs went down from Mesopotamia into Egypt, or, with all these boundless possibilities, are given to the possession of savage occupants. The grandeur and might of Rome were attained through the unequalled system of highways which not only brought the market of the world to her doors, but enabled her swiftly to monopolize her armed forces and sustain herself amid her war-like and perilous surroundings.

In no way has the world changed more signally than in the laws and conditions of trade; our monetary transactions and commercial affairs are upon a scale infinitely greater and more rapid than in the past. To meet this revolution the inventive genius of man has designed and put in force of operation the railroad and the telegraph, and wherever they have penetrated the depths of continents there has followed the boundless growth of an all conquering and progressive civilization, with its surpassing fabrics by means of which multitudes are provided with shelter and with bread.

Awaiting the touch of the wand of the twin geni, steam and electricity, are some of the isolated mining regions of Montana, among which may be named the Cook City and Castle districts. That a vast field of rich ores lie throughout the former and that the latter gives promises of becoming one of the greatest carbonate camps on earth no citizen of the state with practical information has any doubt. It is to be hoped that some action will be taken by the present congress to open the Cook City region, and there seems definite promise now that Castle will get an outlet by way of Neilhart. The mining of the ores in these two districts is largely prohibited in consequence of the want of cheap transportation, which only a railroad can furnish. When the two camps are opened the wealth of the state will be incalculably increased and a vast field for labor will be permanently provided.

## A RELIGIOUS STRADDLE.

Of the changes that have taken place within the latter half of the Nineteenth century, few are so generally gratifying as the gradual abandonment of religious prejudice and denominational bigotry. Occasionally traces of the old spirit of bitterness are still discoverable and when one runs across them one can hardly repress emotions of contempt. The authorities of Harvard college have had a very curious case to settle, and their settlement of it we venture to think will not receive general approbation.

From an impartial statement of the case in the New Haven Register it appears that many years ago Chief Justice Dudley of the Massachusetts supreme court bequeathed certain funds to Harvard for the foundation of a lectureship. The subjects upon which the lectures should be given from time to time were definitely stated in his will; and that for the third lecture of each course was thus prescribed by him: "The detecting and convicting and exposing of the idolatry of the Roman church, their tyranny, usurpation, damnable baseness, fatal errors, abominable superstitions and other crying wickedness in high places."

At the present time Harvard undertakes to maintain a position of religious neutrality, not owning allegiance to any one denomination or sect of the Christian church, though undertaking ever to inculcate the principles of the highest Christian manhood. Accordingly fifty-eight members of the faculty, moved by such considerations, petitioned the corporation of the university last May, that the third Dedecian lecture upon this offensive topic, should be dropped. They alleged that the continuance of a lecture on a subject so stated would be impolitic and unbecoming—indecent and unjust; they added that in their judgment it would be better to surrender the endowment altogether than to continue this lecture against Catholicism.

In this opinion of the petitioners most fair-minded persons will concur. The Harvard corporation, however, thinks differently. Its decision was made some time ago, but the correspondence leading up to it has only within a few days been published. The corporation finds legal difficulties in suppressing one of the four lectures founded by Chief Justice Dudley, and evidently is not prepared to take the drastic course recommended by the petitioners of surrendering the entire endowment. The language used by the chief justice in defining the subject of the third lecture they say "is language characteristic of the time, when animosities among religious sects were bitter and intense;" they think that if we were alive now he would use milder language and show a different spirit—as we trust he would. "No lecturer," adds the corporation, "could now with propriety use such language, adopt such views, or be inspired by such a spirit" as is manifested in the terms of Judge Dudley's will regarding this lecture. They say that the subject must now be treated historically; great changes have taken place—both in the mutual attitude of the Roman Catholic and Protestant churches, and in regard to all questions of religion, "and the opportunity may well be taken in delivering this third lecture to soothe and allay the animosities and bitterness of the past and deal with these questions in a broad, scholarly and magnanimous spirit."

In other words it is proposed to prevent Judge Dudley's intention, and to preach precisely the opposite of what he ordered preached. The petitioners have replied to the corporation, affirming their continued conviction "that the revival and continuance of lectures inconsistent with the unsectarian character and policy of the university must be prejudicial," and expressing a doubt whether the method proposed by the corporation really carries out the purpose of the founder of the lectures. We think the petitioners are right and that it would be far better to drop the endowment, if necessary, rather than perpetuate a lecture, the title of which, if not its subject matter, must always be a theme for apology and explanation. The Harvard corporation seems to be engaged in the highly undignified act of straddling the fence.

## PROGRESS OF ELECTRICITY.

Chief Engineer McHenry of the Northern Pacific railroad is in the East studying electricity with a view of seeing what progress can be made toward using it as a motive power on railroads. It is a favorite theory with Henry Villard that the application of such a motive power is near at hand. That so big a road as the Northern Pacific has interested itself in the question is significant. The problem rests with the electric companies, and as soon as they can solve it the railroads stand ready to abolish locomotives, coal and steam. Numerous experiments are now being made and the results are said to be very satisfactory.

To a certain extent it would seem that the problem has already been solved, for a company with a capital of millions was formed last week for the purpose of building an electric road from St. Louis to Chicago. This company proposes to build a double track road, as straight as an arrow, without a curve to it. On this road it is proposed to run electric cars, which will travel at the rate of 100 miles an hour, making the distance in two and one-half hours, instead of eight as now. The power station will be at Clinton, Ill., where the company will operate its own coal mine for fuel, using electric drills for mining machinery. Incidentally, in time the entire line is expected to become a boulevard, the farmers' houses standing on city lots, while behind them will stretch the wheat fields. The houses will be lighted and heated by electricity, and the reapers, mowers and threshers will be driven by chained lightning. An electric block system will be operated and the track will be automatically illuminated a mile ahead and a mile behind each car. Trains which are on the same section will have telephone connection and communication may be had whether the trains are moving or standing still. All this looks like an Utopian dream, but the character of the men who are backing the scheme is sufficient proof of its feasibility.

If any of the real estate men of Montana feel the need of taking lessons in the art of booming, they should attend the National Real Estate Congress, which will convene in annual session at Nashville, Tenn., on February 17. Governor Buchanan has issued a circular, in which he states that Tennessee will welcome to this congress the real estate agents, dealers and land owners of the United States. The objects of this meeting, in part, are to suggest a uniform mode of real estate transfers for all the states, to formulate a plan for enabling the industrial classes to secure homes for themselves, the gathering and discussion of the statistics relating to real

estate in the United States, the real estate wealth in the United States, including its mineral and timber wealth, and how this wealth can be best utilized and developed for the good of the whole country, all of which has the true ring of a brilliant real estate prospectus. If the audience, should there be any, is not talked to death, it will be because of superior powers of endurance possessed by the hardy sons of Tennessee.

## THE MEETING OF CONGRESS.

Mr. Hooker Proposes to Introduce a Bill For a Change in the Time.

New York Times Interview.

Mr. Hooker proposes to introduce a bill into the present congress to provide for a change in the time when terms of congressmen shall begin; also to change the time for the annual meeting of congress. It was his idea, he said, that congress should meet on the first Monday in January instead of the first Monday in December each year, and that the sessions should be continued until business was completed, as was now done in the long sessions. The congressmen elected in November would thus begin their term two months after election and have the advantage of coming fresh from the people. This change would also be beneficial because the congressman would not be compelled to make his canvass for reelection, if he were a candidate, in the middle of his term. Under the present system a member who had a fight for a re-nomination was compelled to leave his work and attend to his political fences. If he were defeated at the polls he went back for the short term with less heart in his work and less appreciation of the wants of his constituents, who had allowed him to be re-elected.

The change would also give the president the benefit of a congress in session at the time of the inauguration. At present he must wait from March 4 until the next December, while under the proposed change he might at once send his message to congress and set on foot the policy he believed it was within the power of congress to make these changes by the passage of a law without waiting for the slow process of securing a constitutional amendment.

## Had Seen Better Days.

Mr. Sellit—Well, Uncle Eph, how are you gettin' along these days?

Uncle Eph—Oh, I'm gettin' along fine. It's a mighty poor day I don't make my two or three dollars.

Mr. Sellit—You must be gettin' rich. S'pose you pay me that little bill you owe me.

Uncle Eph—Well, you'll have to 'scuse me today, Mr. Sellit. You see I've been havin' a lot of mighty poor days lately.—Harper's Bazar.

## Fleas Have Fleas.

From the Boston Herald.

Prof. Riley's observation in his latest Lowell Institute lecture that most insects have parasites on them, and that these again have secondary, tertiary and even quaternary parasites, seems to confirm the old rhyme concerning the smallest fleas. It is pleasant to be assured that there is some scientific truth in poetry.

## An Alpine Panorama.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

Some painters in Geneva are painting a panorama of the Bernese Alps, which will have a height of 51 feet and a width of 345 feet, to go to Chicago. The whole will cost about \$200,000. It was all sketched from the summit of the Mannlichen, 6,000 feet high.

## Give Us More Substitutes.

From the Pittsburgh Times.

The railroads agree to transport to the seaboard free all the corn donated in the West to the hungry Russians. Corporations have no souls, but there are times when they show good substitutes for them.

## She Is Equal in Some Respects.

From the Chicago Times.

Three women were hanged in different states of this enlightened union last week. Though woman is denied the ballot, her privileges in some respects are identical with those of man.

## The Size of His Head.

From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

Benjamin Harrison is often known as the little man with the big hat, but he never before so clearly demonstrated that a swelled head necessitated an abnormally large covering.

## A STORY WITH A MORAL.

The weather never suited Mr. Jones. If it was hot, He wasted all his strength in futile groans; If it was not, He said it froze the marrow in his bones, And swore a lot.

But Mrs. Jones would never make complaint. If it was cold, She shivered, but she stood it like a saint In times of cold; And, though 'twas hot enough to make her faint, She'd never scold.

They're both dead now, this worthy pair (I knew them well), And Mrs. Jones is very near where The angels dwell. Where Mr. Jones is, I don't care, Just now, to tell.—Somerville Journal.

## PUBLIC OPINION.

Quay won his libel case, and now the cry of vindication is raised in his behalf. Keep him right in his line of business as a party leader. His political enemies wish him a permanent job.—Detroit Free Press, dem.

Senators George and Washburn go back to Washington for another term, notwithstanding their frankly avowed belief that county treasurers with paper-dollar factories and government loan shops attached would not be a good thing for the Mississippi farmers.—Hartford Courant, rep.

One could not much blame Mr. Cleveland if, while fishing in the beautiful bayous of Louisiana and enjoying the charming companionship of Joe Jefferson, he should come to the conclusion that after all it is better to be happy than to be president.—Providence Journal, rep.

In considering the question of Justice Bradley's successor, we have not far to look. The field for conjecture is narrowed to one man, Attorney General Miller, formerly law partner of President Harrison. At the time of Justice Brewer's appointment to a vacancy on the supreme bench, the name of Attorney General Miller was prominently mentioned in its connection. Undoubtedly the appointment will now be made.—St. Paul Globe, dem.

It is rather interesting to note that the assignees of John Roach, the famous ship builder, have completed their settlement of the estate, paying over to the heirs \$2,500,000. The late Mr. Roach, it will be remembered, served the republican party in the very useful capacity of a martyr to democratic oppression. Because Secretary Whitney refused to accept a faulty cruiser of him he went into bankruptcy, and the republican press pictured him as beggarly. Some people would find \$2,500,000 very genteel beggary, indeed.—Chicago Times, dem.

## MRS. FREMONT AND MR. LINCOLN.

An Ancient Anecdote Recalled and Pleasantly Retold.

From the Chicago Inter Ocean.

It is told of Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, widow of the first republican candidate for the presidency and daughter of Thomas H. Benton of Missouri, that she once went to Mr. Lincoln to seek the restoration of her husband to the military command of which he had been deprived. Being refused, the lady, whose loyalty to the most precious ties has become an heirloom to every American daughter, wife and mother, exclaimed: "Beware, Mr. Lincoln, we make presidents." Thereupon, the president, without raising his eyes from the historic table on which he was writing, answered: "And very poor jobs you have turned out for the most part." Lincoln never made a more apt retort; no one ever left his presence more flustered by his rare gift of saying the right thing in the proper way at the opportune time than did Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont on that occasion, as she many years afterward found occasion to publicly admit. Many American women of beauty and brain have had notable careers, few have traveled farther from the common place than the now silver haired lady who is now passing the afternoon hours of her life in the pleasantness of the California climate which never seems to have an end.

## Where the Gold Cure Falls.

From the New York Advertiser.

The lesson to be drawn from all the news at hand concerning the persons who have gone through the "gold cure" is that it is not safe to ask one of them to join you in a social glass if you are provided with the price of but one drink.

## PROMINENT OR PECULIAR.

The czar of Russia never shaves. Mrs. J. Rider Haggard has lately won three prizes in golfing matches. Senator Gorman has a habit of reading in bed, no matter how hard a day's work he has performed.

Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson is about to take a trip to Europe to search for new facts for a novel.

James Lowrie, who recently died, wore the first American brassiere, but he gave it no distinctive name.

Bishop-elect Rev. Dr. Horstman of Cleveland has received the official notice of his election from Rome.

Miss Olive Risley Seward, adopted daughter of W. H. Seward, has become a newspaper correspondent.

Colonel Soufflot, once in the armies of Napoleon, celebrated the 100th anniversary of his birth a few days ago.

Mark Trafton practices to mankind the necessity for eating hearty breakfasts. He says they are a good bulwark against fate.

Judge Holman, who is over 70, has two favorite expressions. One is, "Oh my, my," and the other, "This will never do; no, it will never do."

Professor Michaelson of Clark university is said to be very handsome and popular. He has a project for using light waves as a standard of measure.

## SUNDAY SMILES.

Adolphus—I want you to know, Ethel, that my father is well disposed toward me, and will certainly give me a good send-off.

Ethel—That's just what pa has given every suitor of mine that he's found here after 10 p. m.—Boston Courier.

When vapors rise and never pause, And microbes gather everywhere, In minor signs the breeze because, It is a melancholy air.

—Washington Star.

"What would you do if I gave you a little kitten?" asked Tommy's neighbor.

"Nuthin'," replied Tommy; "we've already got six at home."—Harper's Young People.

De Smythe (at the boarding house)—I ordered dinner an hour ago, and no sign of it yet. I wonder what time it will be when I have swallowed it?

Bjones (old boarder)—Not so very late. You see, you make up for the length of the wait by the shortness of the eat.—Judge.

It did not take him long to think, Because full well he knew It was a waste of time to drink, And waste of money, too.

With kindling eye and knitted brow He manfully swore off— The little that he's taking now Is just to cure his cough.

—New York Press.

Mrs. De Bullion—Evelyn, I don't altogether like that young Snopceer. I wish he didn't come here so often. Has he any expectations?

Miss De Bullion—I think he has. He says papa's rating in Bradstreet's is A1.—Chicago Tribune.

Customer—So you have discharged the new man? He was a good shaver.

Barber—Yes; he handled the razor with considerable finesse, but his shampoo rubs lacked technique.—Puck.

"What shall I write, what shall I be, A rondeau or a sonnet?" "I pray thee, write a clerk," said she, "To pay for my new bonnet."—Washington Star.

Japeth—Mildred, will you be my wife? Mildred—Well, not to-day.

Japeth—Oh, Mildred, how can you speak so flippantly? Mildred—Flippantly? How do you suppose I could possibly be your wife to-day? I should want at least two weeks to get ready in.—Boston Courier.

## A WINTER WOOLING.

Guess I reckoned that I'd never Pop that question 't' Mirandy. First I tried to was one summer, Sittin' on her dad's veranda.

Then one August, too, I thought I'd Ask her, in the clover meadow; Had a set speech, but somehow she Looked too cold to take the header.

Next time was th' slidin' party Out at Cranford's, and Mirandy Said she'd show if I could find a Extra-slidin' toggan handy.

That just set me thinkin', so I Asked her if she'd get a joggin' With my arms around her, slidin' Right along on life's toboggan.

Then Mirandy snubbed her sly way, With the color all a-buddin'. In her cheeks, and said as how the Question took her kind o' suddin' Like an' left her, without breathin'.

Say a word, but guessed the flyin' Down the hill, with winter blowin' In your face, was rather tryin'.

But she whispered, if I'd steer her Just as straight and just as clever Down life's groove as that toboggan, She would slide with me forever; If I'd always guard her, keepin' 'Round my arms for safe protection; Watchin' for the bumps and strivin' Always in the right direction.

So we climbed th' hill, while all th' Stars that winked above and hovered Shined behind th' clouds and told th' Other stars what they'd discovered, And with Mandy's eyes I lighted me Down the hill, I've found the joggin' Just as pleasant as a cork.

—Quilting.

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